June 17
1920

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

# MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840].

*"From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand"* (MATTHEW 4: 17).

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## THE MILLENNIAL STAR.

IV.

The delegation, comprising Elders Orson Hyde, Parley P. Pratt, and John Taylor, sent from Nauvoo to set matters right in the British Mission, found that a cloud of darkness had settled upon the people, in consequence of the energies of the missionary and local priesthood being diverted to the promotion of commercial interests involved in the Joint Stock Company rather than in preaching the gospel. Elder Hyde lost no time in going to the root of the trouble, and promptly wound up the company, being assisted by Elder Thomas D. Brown. The final report and balance sheet was published in full in the December 6th, 1846, number.

Elders Pratt and Taylor traveled extensively among the people and explained to them errors that had crept into the management of the mission, rousing them to a revival of that spiritual vigor which is the comfort and delight of true converts. They were everywhere most successful, and during the few months of their presence here the mission was relieved of the pall that had overhung it, and took on a new lease of life and energy that it had scarcely ever known before. The *Star* was ably edited by Elder Hyde, and was filled with these matters and with the news from Nauvoo of the final evacuation of that city and of the progress of the saints as the "Camp of Israel" towards their new destination in the Rocky Mountains.

While here Elder Pratt furnished considerable matter for its pages. The history of his persecution and imprisonment in Missouri, ran through several numbers. He also brought out a new edition of "The Voice of Warning."

A most singular incident connected with the *Star* occurred about the first of January, 1847. Elder Orson Spencer had been called to take the presidency of the mission, succeeding Elder Hyde and his associates, and to edit the *Star*. Just as the first number was

going to press word came to the office that Elder Spencer had died before leaving America, and a feeling obituary was written and printed with a black border, in that number. The time approaching for the departure of Elders Hyde, Pratt and Taylor, it was decided to call Elder Franklin D. Richards, then president of the Glasgow conference, to the mission presidency, and he was so designated and commended to the saints. But before the issue of the paper for February 1st, or he had actually entered upon the editorial duty, Elder Spencer himself arrived, in his usual but feeble health, after a severe illness and long protracted journey and voyage over land and sea. The report of his decease being decidedly premature, he had the unusual pleasure of reading his own obituary, and so cheered, entered with renewed life and fine ability upon the labor to which he was assigned.

Elders Pratt and Taylor sailed on January 19th, but put back after nine days at sea, and were thus permitted to meet and bid farewell to Elder Spencer, who had arrived in the meantime. Elder Hyde was detained, and did not sail until about the 25th of February. Elder Richards was presently called to be first counselor to Elder Spencer, who, entering upon his editorial work, wrote as follows:

In taking the Presidency of the Church, and the Editorial charge of the *Star*, I have some pleasing assurances of my being cordially welcomed by the saints of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and that my services will be less onerous, because that President Hyde and his counsel, P. P. Pratt and John Taylor, have, by much wisdom and diligence, made the rough places smooth, and the crooked straight, and set in order the things that were wanting. I trust that integrity of purpose and diligent application to the interests of the saints will tend to secure a charitable indulgence for errors and deficiencies that may appear. And if the *Star* does not shine as brilliant as it has done a few months past, in consequence of its proximity to "the Twelve" other Stars, still it has a place in the same moral firmament—established by the same high authority for the illumination of such as may read, and the less light it may emit the more reason why every family should have one at hand.

All contributions from elders and other patrons of the *Star*, written in brevity and plainness, shall be studiously directed so as not only to enhance the usefulness of the paper, but also the ultimate reward of the contributors.

Elder Spencer was a college-bred man trained for the ministry, and had actually served and preached for several years before his conversion, which came after the most thorough study and sincere acceptance of the new revelation of the gospel. He therefore brought to the editorial department of the *Star* a mind of rare intellectual power and culture, and a heart devotedly attached to the work of the Lord. The *Star* shone brilliantly under his control, challenging comparison with journals of the highest forensic and literary quality. His name appears as editor from the third number of Volume nine, February, 1847, until August 1st, 1848.

Within the ninth volume are his remaining eleven letters to Rev. William Crowell, the first of which appears in Volume four (Spencer's Letters). Accounts of the Mexican War, Mr. Calhoun's speech on Slavery, in the United States Senate, Prof. Brownson's Lecture on the Revolutionary Spirit of the Age, Quotations from Lord John Russell's speech in Parliament on The State of Ireland, Elder John Taylor on Priesthood were important articles. Very interesting contributors were Franklin D. and Samuel W. Richards. Poetry by John Lyon and W. G. Mills, and Eliza R. Snow graced the pages of these volumes.

The General Epistle of the Twelve Apostles from Winter Quarters, Omaha, December, 1847, and the later announcement of the reorganization of the First Presidency of the Church appeared. The correspondence of elders, and conference reports were extensive, and showed wonderful progress of the mission. The *Star* reached a circulation of four thousand copies, and there were nearly 18,000 members of the Church, an increase from May, 1846, to August, 1848, of about 8,500. Many cases of healing were reported. The emigration was actively going on and fully reported. The Richards brothers were released and went out with a large company of saints, sailing the middle of February, 1848, for New Orleans, where they arrived April 19th, and proceeded up the Mississippi, to St. Louis, reporting from there on May 1st. This shows the time it then took in the small sailing vessels employed.

Among the names of men who, in their day performed valiant service as missionaries, presidents of conferences, and were frequent correspondents of the *Star* during this period, should be mentioned: Elders Dan Jones, sometimes called Father of the Welsh mission, L. O. Littlefield, George D. Watt, the first person baptized in England, John Banks, Moses and Robert Martin, James Marsden, William Gibson, a great preacher in Scotland, Thomas D. Brown, James Ure, who did wonderful work in Hull, Simeon Carter, Cyrus H. Wheelock, Milo Andrus, Crandel Dunn, T. B. H. Stenhouse, appointed to introduce the gospel in Southampton, James H. Flanigan, John Cottam, Andrew Cahoon, Thomas Smith, James W. Cummings, John Halliday, J. D. Ross, and others. These men made names for themselves and won the love of thousands of converts brought into the Church under their ministry. Some of them fell away in the later years. The most of them survived in the faith, and their children and grandchildren after them revere and honor their memories as servants of God to whom they owe their honored names and inheritances in Zion.

Apostle Orson Pratt was appointed to succeed Elder Spencer as President of the mission and editor of the *Star*. He arrived in England, on July 26th, 1848, and at once entered upon his duties, issuing in the August 15th number, a general epistle to the saints,

in which he paid the following just tribute to the labors of his predecessor:

The saints in this land have been highly favored and extensively benefited by the indefatigable and praiseworthy labors of our much esteemed and dearly beloved brother, Elder Orson Spencer, whose wise and judicious course in his presidential administration over the saints in this land, will ever live in remembrance of all the faithful. His integrity and sterling virtue have erected for him an enduring monument that can never perish. The eloquent and powerful reasonings displayed in all his writings—the bold, energetic, and beautiful style diffused through every part, and the meek and humble spirit which seems to pervade almost every sentence, clearly indicates a sound mind, enlightened by the spirit of truth, and filled with wisdom by the inspiration of the Almighty. The inestimable truths which he has so ably developed in his writings, will prove an invaluable treasure to thousands, and live in the memory of all future generations. We are happy to inform the saints that brother Spencer will, if his health permits, tarry in this land yet a few months, and we hope to see many articles from his pen upon various subjects, feeling assured that they will be hailed with delight by the anxious multitudes, many of whom have already tasted the soul-cheering knowledge he has formerly communicated, and which has served to greatly sharpen their appetites for more.

Elder Spencer remained until January 24th, 1849, when he issued, from aboard the ship *Zetland*, an expression of appreciation to the saints among whom he had labored for over two years. In this letter he says:

"Suffer me to express, through the medium of the *Star*, to the British Saints, the tribute of my heart-felt thank-offering. * * * The loving kindness, so happily illustrated in the conduct of the British Saints towards me, during my residence among them, can never be forgotten. * * * Among the worthy contributors to the *Star*, I shall not be deemed invidious to name, distinctly and prominently, our highly esteemed brethren Elders Lyon and Mills. Their genius in the poetic department, and the devotedness of their productions to the service of God and his people, deserve the fostering care of all the saints who love the high praises of God in sacred and commemorative songs. The excellent songs and hymns of our poets preach with unmistakable melody and power; and the gifts of the sweet singers of Israel will doubtless be both honored and perfected in future worlds. Before this letter shall have passed under the perusal of the 50 or 60,000 readers of the *Star*, myself and near one thousand saints will be floating Zionward in ships upon the vast expanse of waters. I need not say pray that we may have a prosperous journey, this you will do from the very nature of the spirit, with which you were born into the kingdom of God. But I will say to those whom I leave behind,

"Then gather up to Zion,
Ye Saints throughout the land,
And clear the way before you,
As God shall give command."

In this same number of the *Star* appeared an extract from the

Liverpool *Mercury*, attacking the Church for its practical system of emigration, and sneeringly referring to the *Star* as new and presumptuous, which called forth the following rejoinder:

Mr. *Mercury*,—The MILLENNIAL STAR, which you call 'a recent publication,' was commenced in 1840, and is now eight years old; had the *Kaleidoscope* 17,000 in eight years? Has the *Mercury* yet? No. Towards the editors and the readers of this publication, Mr. *Mercury*, you have had an unaccountable hatred, almost as palpable as—

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell!"

Apart from the revelations of God, Mr. *Mercury*, some of your scribblers are arguing the propriety and necessity of a wholesale emigration—a colonization—as the best mode of saving thousands from oppression, excessive taxation, the workhouse and death; and because the editors of the *Star* advocate the same principles, and counsel all who have property to sell and go where "the Earth is the Lord's," and not "*my lords*," you are quite piqued; and say it is a new cry of "put money in the plate;" really, Mr. *Mercury*, you must be getting into dotage; where is your Egerton? has his spirit fallen on no one?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## MARCH OF THE MORMON BATTALION.

[THE following is the opening chapter of a very interesting booklet issued by President B. H. Roberts, of the Mormon Battalion Monument Commission. This association has undertaken to raise, by popular subscription, money enough to erect in Salt Lake City a fine monument in honor of the brave five hundred volunteers from "the Camp of Israel," who entered the service of the United States, in the Mexican War, 1846, and made that most wonderful march across the continent from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. Success attend the efforts of Elder Roberts and his associates in this most praiseworthy enterprise!—ED.]

"'The Lieutenant-Colonel commanding congratulates the Battalion on their safe arrival on the shores of the Pacific ocean, and the conclusion of their march of over two thousand miles. History will be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry.'

"So wrote Lieutenant-Colonel P. St. George Cooke in 'Order No. I,' from 'Head Quarters Mormon Battalion, Mission of San Diego,' under date of January 30th, 1847. If Col. Cooke is accurate in his statement—and one has a right to assume that he is, since he was a graduate of the United States Military Academy of West Point, and hence versed in the history of such military incidents—then the march of this Battalion is a very wonderful performance. For if history might be searched in vain for an

equal march of infantry when Col. Cooke wrote his 'Order No. I,' then certainly no march of infantry since that time has equaled it.

"The only other historical marches that are comparable with the Mormon Battalion's march are Xenophon's and Doniphan's, the former in ancient, the latter in modern times.

"'Retreat of the Ten Thousand.'—Xenophon's march is commonly known as the 'Retreat of the Ten Thousand,' 401 B. C. The account of the 'Retreat' is given in Xenophon's Anabasis. About fourteen thousand Greek soldiers under a Spartan leader named Clearchus entered the service of a Persian prince, Cyrus, surnamed the younger, brother of the then reigning King of Persia, Artaxerxes II. The purpose of Cyrus was to deprive his brother of the throne of Persia, and reign in his stead. The expedition marched through Asia Minor to Cunaxa, near old Babylon, where an army of 900,000 Persians engaged the army of Cyrus, which, with his Greek auxiliaries, numbered but 300,000. The smaller army was really successful in the battle, but a rash attempt on the part of Cyrus to slay his brother during the engagement—in which he himself was killed—changed the fortunes of the day, the expedition ended in failure and hence the retreat of the Greek ten thousand up the valley of the Tigris, through Armenia to Trebizond, a Greek city on the Euxine—our modern Black Sea.

"This march of Greek infantry, though attended with almost incredible hardships from cold, hunger, and the assaults of enemies, was not equal to the march of the Mormon Battalion for the reason that it covered but fifteen hundred miles, as against the two thousand miles covered by the Battalion. While the Greek infantry in their retreat numbered more men than the Battalion, and fought many battles, their march was, for the most part, through settled lands and along well-defined roads, while the greater part of the Battalion's march was through desert lands; and four hundred and seventy-four miles of it through trackless deserts, where nothing but savages and wild beasts were found, 'or deserts where, for want of water, there was no living creature.'

"Doniphan's Expedition into Mexico.—Doniphan's march occurred in the same year, and in the same war in which the Battalion served—the war with Mexico, 1846. The march is known as Doniphan's Expedition into Mexico. The expedition started from Santa Fe and marched to Matamoras, near where the Rio Grande empties into the Gulf of Mexico—a distance of about thirteen or fourteen hundred miles. The march was *via* El Paso, Chihuahua, Parras, Saltillo and Monterey, thence to Matamoras. Here the expedition embarked for New Orleans, where the men were mustered out of service. The important battles of Brazito and Sacramento were fought en route, the former placing El Paso, and the latter the city of Chihuahua—capital of the state of the same name—in the hands of the Americans. The

expedition numbered about nine hundred men, mostly from Missouri, and under the command of Col. Alexander W. Doniphan of that state, and returned to Missouri *via* the Gulf of Mexico and the Mississippi.

"The march overland it will be observed was less than that of the Battalion's. For the most part, moreover, Doniphan's march was through a settled country, and over roads long used between Santa Fe and points in northern and central Mexico. Besides, the Expedition was not exclusively made up of infantry; being mixed cavalry and infantry, and therefore would not strictly come in competition with the Battalion which was entirely of infantry, with accompanying baggage wagons. Doniphan's Expedition is so wonderful a performance, however, and has been so generously acclaimed, that if unmentioned in connection with the performance of the Battalion, and the contrast made as above, it might be thought by some to rival the march of the latter. This, however, is not the case.

"The World's Record for a March of Infantry.—Not even in the World's Great War, now happily ended, has the Mormon Battalion's march been equaled, though in all other things that war has surpassed the previous war experiences of mankind. And since the Battalion's march has not been equaled by any march of infantry in the World's Great War, nor in ancient times, it is not likely now, owing to the new methods for transportation of troops that have been developed, that the Mormon Battalion's march across more than half of the North American continent will ever be equaled. It will stand as the world's record for a march of infantry."

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## HARK!

Hark, it is Israel's armies assembling,
Flinging the gates of the nations ajar;
List, how the highways are groaning and trembling,
Under the tramp of his legion afar.

Once he was humbled and conquered and scattered
Over the earth like a handful of grain;
Now he is bursting the bands that have fettered,
Down the long ages, his spirit and brain.

Unlock your treasures, ye vales and ye mountains,
Throw wide your gates and give Israel a place,
Yield us, ye deserts, your springs and your fountains,
Lifting the mask and revealing your face.

Here is a country devoid of a nation,
Here is a people devoid of a land!
Each for the other a mighty salvation,
Wed in the midst of a desert of sand.

—Theodore E. Curtis, in the *Improvement Era*.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1920.

## EDITORIAL:

### REPENTANCE.

THE doctrine of repentance of sin is perhaps the most universal principle of religion professed among men. All denominations of Christians acclaim it; and it is a requisite profession of religions people generally, heathen as well as Christian, to distinguish them from the worldly-minded, who make no pretence of faith nor of the worship of God. There is, however, a wide divergence of opinion as to what constitutes repentance of sin; and there are various evidences of its adoption by converts, prescribed by the various churches that profess to teach religion. Among Christians, the Catholics expect an expression of sorrow and confession of sin to the priests, who are empowered to prescribe penance and grant absolution upon certain conditions. The Protestant churches generally exact a profession of godly sorrow for sins that are committed, and of faith in the atonement, and love of Christ, as all sufficient to insure salvation. This profession as evidence of a broken heart and contrite spirit is accepted, whether made by the convert while in health and able to change his manner of life, or upon the deathbed when no further act of his can count.

Repentance, as a fundamental doctrine of the true Christian religion and essential to salvation in the kingdom of God, is proved by many passages of Scripture. Christ himself says, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13: 3), and to the eleven when he appeared to them after his resurrection, he said: "That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations" (Luke 24: 47).

The appearance of the Lord to the Nephites afforded the opportunity of still more plainly enunciating the doctrine of repentance. He made it clear and also signified the immediate and first requisite effect that it should have upon converts. The Book of Mormon is most explicit regarding this, as well as to the other principles of the gospel. Christ said: "And again I say unto you, ye must repent, and be baptized in my name, and become as a little child, or ye can in no wise inherit the kingdom of God. Verily, verily, I say unto you that this is my doctrine, and whoso buildeth upon this, buildeth upon my rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against them" (III. Nephi 11: 38, 39).

That repentance should produce a condition of humility and teachableness characteristic of little children is, then, its chief purpose, and so understood its value as a principle of salvation becomes apparent. It seems that the most universal sin among

men is unbelief. The Eternal Father has commanded that all men everywhere shall believe in Him and in His Son. It is a sin to doubt the truth. And it cannot be repented of except "ye become as a little child," that is, teachable. No man can be saved in ignorance, and men must remain in ignorance unless and until they are taught. The only escape from such a state of condemnation is in the exercise of faith, for the Lord said: "And this is my doctrine, and it is the doctrine which the Father hath given unto me; and I bear record of the Father, and the Father beareth record of me, and the Holy Ghost beareth record of the Father and me, and I bear record that the Father commandeth all men, everywhere, to repent and believe in me; and whoso believeth in me, and is baptized, the same shall be saved; and they are they who shall inherit the kingdom of God. And whoso believeth not in me, and is not baptized, shall be damned" (III. Nephi 11: 32-34).

While unbelief is the universal sin, and is the condemnation of the children of men, culpability for its existence rests variously upon them as individuals, and in degrees of wide difference. What is spoken and written of as original sin—the sin of Adam in breaking the commandment of God, by which death came into the world—the descendants of Adam are not responsible for. They cannot repent of it, and are not required to. When its real import is understood, they have rather to rejoice in it; for by it they came to have their being here, and opportunity to lay the foundation and begin to develop the inherited godliness of their eternal natures. Whatever atonement for the original sin is required, was made in the life and death of Jesus Christ. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

There remains the fact, however, that apart from the sin of Adam, mankind rests under condemnation for the sins of the world. It is inevitable that they shall pay the penalty. There is no possibility of averting the consequences of violating the laws of life, the principles of righteousness and the word of God, except in repentance. In the first instance every soul arriving at the years of accountability, when the eyes of his understanding are opened, must repent of his individual sins. He must believe in the truth, the gospel of life and salvation, and with full purpose of heart abjure sin; cease to defend it in himself; be humbled to the dust; and with the confidence, obedience, and love of a little child lay his whole trust upon the Lord and consecrate his life to the service of God and his fellowmen. Of such a convert the Lord said: "Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Repentance leading to the understanding and acceptance of the further requirements of the gospel, baptism and birth into the Church of Christ, is not the whole of repentance. There is the continuous repentance of those sins we call the weaknesses and follies of life—foibles of human nature—to be continually repented

of, as long as repentance is possible. Members of the Church of Christ have these sins, and it is their daily task in life to overcome them. They are, in a measure, responsible also for the similar sins in others—in their own families, whose weaknesses and follies they suffer, and in the similar and even greater trespasses of their neighbors and of society in general, whose violations of the laws of God are permitted by the laws of men and the regulations of society. All must bear, every man his share according to his own delinquency, the burden of the general condition.

Because of this great truth that at best we are subject to the besetting sins of the world and the temptations of the adversary of the souls of men, we are not only called upon separately to repent, but to help others also to do so. This is beautifully illustrated in the following: "Then came Peter to him and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven" (Matt. 18: 21, 22). It is further emphasized in this beautiful lesson of toleration and mercy: "Take heed unto yourselves: If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him. And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him" (Luke 17: 3, 4).

It is inconceivable that heaven can contain men and women still burdened with sin. Hence faith and repentance, which lead them to forsake sin, and baptism for the remission of sins are essential principles of salvation, that men must practice to enter the kingdom of heaven.

J. F. W.

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## WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

### The Geysers.—II.

Not far, perhaps thirty feet, from the Grand is situated a peculiarly shaped geyser, which the government surveyors were tempted to call the Pumpkin Geyser from the fact that the sides and bottom of the basin, which is from eleven to twenty-three feet in diameter, are covered with globular masses that resemble squashes, not only by their shape, but they are the exact color of ripe pumpkins. Among these singular spherical formations, however, there are some which resemble the Turkish turban, and as the word Turban was considered by the surveyors more euphonious than pumpkin, the geyser which plays here is called the Turban. It is among the minor geysers, although the basin, which is filled during the eruptions is of great size and depth. In consequence of there being so much water, the height to which it is thrown seldom exceeds twenty-five feet, but the vigorous

boiling and fuming kept up by the ebullitions of the escaping steam make the Turban quite an attractive sight.

When you cross the river after visiting the Grand, you are right at the base of the Castle, the most picturesque and commanding of all the great geysers. The cone is on a platform made by the deposit of geyserite—the name given to the solid silicious formation produced by the overflowing water from the geysers. This platform is perhaps three feet high and a hundred in diameter, and from it the cone or castle, which is about forty feet in diameter at the base and half as great on the top, rises to a height of twelve or fifteen feet. The orifice of the geyser tube is circular, and three feet in diameter, and its throat is lined with large globular masses of orange color, and beautifully beaded, a characteristic of many of the geysers and nearly all the thermal springs in the geyser basins.

We were a little late to witness the eruption of the Castle from the commencement, though we saw the greater part of its singular performance, which may be described as follows: It commences with a succession of spouting jets of water, about twenty every minute, which rise to various heights. These last about fifteen minutes and are followed by steam and spray which escape in regular pulsations that might be said to resemble the beating of the heart of Mother Earth, so deep, regular and intense are they. The water jets sometimes rise a hundred feet, while during the spray and steam period of the eruption it is much lower. A steady escape of steam soon follows, and it appears as though the water were exhausted and the steam was being forced out as rapidly as possible. A change is noticed for several minutes before the eruption ceases—sometimes for half an hour, during which the steam escapes in cloudlike masses and floats away to the sky. It emerges from the crater with a roaring sound like the escape of steam from some vast escape-pipe, which it really is. The noise equals the roaring of a thousand engines letting off steam at the same time. The Castle is considered to be the most prominent safety-valve of the geyser region, and all who once witness the escape of steam from its ponderous throat feel assured that but for it the danger of the whole basin being rent and torn by a universal upheaval would be much greater. After roaring and hissing for an hour and twenty minutes, during which the entire cone is submerged in the clouds of steam that rise from its summit, the noise gradually dies away and the eruption is ended for the day. At the base of the Castle is a spring, about twenty feet across, that bubbles intermittently, and is generally at boiling heat. We cooked a shoulder of venison in it in four minutes. The water is a beautiful blue color, and the wall of the spring, which is almost circular, is ornamented with a most regular and beautifully scalloped edge, the sides and bottom look like porcelain or polished white marble. This spring, which is but one

of a numerous group, was found to be forty feet deep. The water in them all is disturbed, rising and falling several feet, during the time that the Castle is in eruption.

The Giant has perhaps the most wonderful record of any of the geysers. It is called "the king of the basin." Though it is not often seen at work, never more than once a week—when it does get started it rewards the beholder even if he has waited a week to see it. The crater, rough, cone shaped, is twenty feet in diameter at its base, rising ten feet. The throat is five feet across, and is exposed on one side by the breaking away of a part of the cone. The tower-like appearance of this geyser at once attracts attention and distinguishes the Giant from all others. When an eruption is to occur, for several hours before, the indicator or fumarole, situated near it, is boiling over and the water rises to the top of the crater in the geyser itself, where it bubbles and spurts as though it were getting up steam for a tremendous eruption. In this the visitor is not likely to be disappointed, for if he waits he will see the column, five feet in diameter, shoot up a hundred and forty feet and there play for three hours, during which water enough to deluge the surrounding country flows over the cone and down the geyserite platform to the river below. The excitement produced by the wonderful sight of the Giant at play, must be intense. It is told of an enthusiastic tourist and author, Mr. Raymond, that seeing it commence he rushed headlong towards it and found himself waist deep in the Fire-hole river, before he realized his dangerous position. Hurrying out on the opposite bank he waved his hat and shouted until out of breath. It is said that Prof. Hayden cannot compose himself while witnessing a geyser in eruption, but losing recollection of everything about him he rubs his hands, shouts and dances around the object of his admiration in a paroxysm of gleeful excitement.

The Grotto is the most singular piece of surface mechanism among all the geysers. Its dome is about fifty feet long, half as wide and twenty feet high. It is a miniature temple of alabaster whiteness, with arches leading to some mysterious interior, whose sacred places may never be profaned by the eye or foot. The hard calcareous formation about it is smooth and bright as a clean swept pavement. Several columns, resembling masses of pearls, rise to a height of eight or ten feet, supporting the roof that covers the entire vent, forming fantastic arches and entrances, out of which the water is ejected, during an eruption, forty or fifty feet. The entire surface is composed of the most delicate beadwork imaginable, massive but elaborate and elegant. In fact, it is so beautiful that even the desecrating hand of American relic hunters, whose reputation for vandalism is world wide, has hesitated here to destroy this delicate sculpturing of nature, and it stands without flaw or break in all its primal beauty—a grotto of pearls.

The construction of the Grotto is so peculiar, that, no doubt, lights—perhaps the electric light—will yet be placed within its chambers to illuminate the geyser in eruption. It would then be incomparably magnificent. A visitor tells of the effect of fires built about it, as follows: "Darkness coming on, we built large fires on one side of the Grotto, and from the opposite side were afforded a sight whose wonderful wierdness we can never forget. The volumes of water then resembled sheets of flame or molten metal, and the drenched dripping arches through which the flickering blaze was plainly seen seemed more like a fiery furnace than a real live geyser."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## REQUISITES OF SUCCESS.

We stand upon the threshold of life, gazing out into the unknown, uncertain future with eager, searching eye. And what do we discern? Life spreads out before us like a beautiful landscape, in which we behold lovely villages, with their border of mountains stretching away, away, till the last blue peak seems blended with the sky; and broad rivers winding among green hills, tall trees and graceful, overhanging bushes, all shimmering in the sunlight like burnished gold. Winding in and out, across plain and through valleys, are two paths. For a short distance they seem to run in the same direction and then they diverge. One of them leads to a mountain; we can see it far off in the distance; on its summit stands a figure, one hand holds a cross, the other points to the path below, indicating that all who run with patience this race shall win the victor's crown. The path that leads to the mountain seems rough and stony; there are hills to be climbed and dark streams to be crossed. The other path, bordered with green grass and bright flowers, seems a pleasanter one to tread, but what will be gained if we choose it? There may be pleasure for a season, but we cannot see what will be the end thereof. Only the straight, rough pathway leads to the mountain; only by climbing the mountain's craggy sides can we win the crown. Thus we stand in the morning of life, our whole beings filled with the longing desire to make our lives successful. The crown must be won at all hazards, and only by taking the straight path can we win it. And what is it to be successful in life? Many and varied are the answers. The miser is selling himself soul and body that he may get gold. He chuckles in glee as he piles up the glittering stuff; the more of it he can get the more successful is his life. The warrior dreams only of battlefields. Every battle won, while it makes his success more sure, only causes him to sigh for more enemies to conquer. The land-owner looks out over broad acres, and smiles contentedly as he says to himself: "These are all mine, and my life has been a success."

But from all these we turn with a feeling of dissatisfaction. One should certainly have some higher and nobler aim in life than the mere accumulation of riches, or the striving for mere worldly renown. And are there no broader fields of action?

One can but admire the depths and wonderful resources of the mind that could produce "Thanatopsis;" and, as we read the pathetic story of "Evangeline," or "Hiawatha," we long for the powers of imagination of Longfellow. The youth reads the life of Napoleon, and sighs as he thinks how he, too, had he lived in those stirring times, might have led armed hosts from victory on to victory, and thus have become renowned in the world's history. The maiden is lost in admiration as she contemplates the life of that heroine of the fifteenth century, Joan of Arc, and longs for a chance to prove herself as heroic as was that simple-minded peasant girl; even the tragical death she would be willing to share that her name might, too, be immortalized.

But not every one can be a military hero; not every one can write the thoughts or speak the words that shall live for long ages; nor is it for every one to sing so as to gain the applause of listening crowds. Such brilliant careers are only for the favored few. Yet,

"All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme."

It may not fall to us to perform the "massive deeds and great," and we might be clumsy in doing ornamental work, yet the plain solid work is more necessary to the completion of the structure than the ornamental part. The most successful life may not always be the one that comes prominently before the public in the performance of some great and daring deed. Do not wait for grand opportunities for doing good. We spend too much time in dreaming of the good we would like to do if circumstances were only more favorable. Idle dreamers are at a discount in this busy, working world of ours.

The idea is too prevalent that circumstances bind us down with iron chains. To a great extent it is in every one's power to mould circumstances, climb the hill Difficulty, and move triumphantly forward. What if, in climbing the mountain's side, our feet slip back and we are obliged to take the steps over again? We learn by our failures, and we will be sure to get a firmer foothold next time. Only the weak and faint-hearted sit down and idly bemoan their fate.

To be successful in life, one must study himself; study to know what his capabilities are. We all have God-given powers, and it is our duty to cultivate them. We should try to find out the work for which we are best fitted, and when we have decided what our work is, do it with all our might.

Most of our lives are prosy and practical—some of them severely so—and you say, perhaps, that you have no need to ask yourself what your life-work is, for the answer comes with every day that brings its own hard labor. Yes; but did you ever stop to think, it is the manner in which you do this work that is to tell whether your life is successful? It is in our power to make these homely, every day tasks stepping stones to something higher and better: there is no degradation in even the homeliest kind of toil, only in so far as we let it degrade us. Some writer very prettily says that every day that is born into the world comes like a burst of music and sings itself through. It is hard to believe this of some days; at least, there seem to be too many discords to admit of their being very beautiful pieces of music. Yet the fault may be with us, and what seem to be discords might be only minor strains if played correctly. The music may be beautiful, and the faults only with the performers.

Perhaps your life may be "cold and dark and dreary," but you need not look far to find lives much more sad and desolate than yours can possibly be. All around you are earth's suffering creatures. Try to cheer them. In comforting other sad hearts, you will bring happiness into your own life. Let us scatter smiles and pleasant words, as we journey through life; they may be likened unto flowers springing up along the dusty highway.

We should rid ourselves of the mistaken idea that our lives cannot be successful unless we do some great work. Deeds which the world call great may never be placed within our reach; but we may measure our greatness by our faithfulness in the little things that are given to us to perform, and our love for our Maker, by our love and labor for His children. And thus, by doing the work that lies nearest to us,—it matters not whether it be great or small, only so we do it with what might our hands find to do, with a firm and unfaltering trust in the all-wise Father, even though we may never do any "glowing deeds and great" that shall cause our names to be placed high in the "Temple of Fame," our lives may be successful in the truest sense of the word. Remember,

"Our reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize.
Those few to whom is given what they ne'er earned,
Having by favor or inheritance
The dangerous gifts placed in their hands,
Know not, nor never can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life. He speeds beyond
Them all, and foremost in the race succeeds.
His joy is not that he has got the crown
But that the power to win the crown is his."

GUNHILD.

## FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

**Socials.**—Socials were held at Sunderland and Gateshead, May 19th and 20th, in honor of Leonard A. Higgins, who has been honorably released, and is leaving for home May 21st, after filling a faithful mission for fourteen months, in the Scottish and Newcastle conferences. Elder Higgins received a silver-mounted cane from the Gateshead branch as a token of respect.

On May 29th, 1920, a farewell social was held at the Leeds branch, in honor of Brother George Simister, who is emigrating to Zion. Songs, recitations, and musical selections were rendered. Brother Simister was presented with a writing case as a token of esteem. He ably responded and thanked the saints for the kindness they had always shown him.

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**Branch Conferences.**—The Belfast branch conference was held on Sunday, May 22nd, 1920. There were in attendance President Benjamin R. Birchall, and his wife and daughter. The meetings were well attended, both morning and evening. The general and local authorities were presented and unanimously sustained. President Birchall spoke in the morning on "The First Vision," and in the evening he took for his subject "Divine Revelation." On the following Monday morning President Birchall and his family continued their travels and met with the saints in Londonderry, and held meeting there at the Simpson Farm House. The saints in that extreme northern part of Ireland appreciated the coming of a visiting elder and to partake of the Sacrament. An excellent spirit prevails among these people, though it is eighteen months since an elder had visited them. They bore strong testimonies to the gospel, and bid us return among them as soon as convenient.

Sunday, June 6th, 1920, there was a branch conference at Clayton, President Leonard H. Whipple and Elder Wilfrid H. Wheatley present; also Wilfred Craven, Edgar Balme and Gerald Craven of the branch presidency. A Priesthood meeting and two sessions were held. The speakers delivered excellent addresses, which were greatly appreciated by the large audiences present.

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